

THE curious **SMELLING-BOTTLE**, called **LE SEL POIGNANT d' ANGLETERRE**, held in the highest Esteem by all the Quality and Gentry throughout Europe, who constantly carry it in their Pocket; and is infinitely superiour to every other Kind of Salts hitherto invented, and far more fragrant and refreshing than either Lavender, Hungary, or any Kind of Essence, or odoriferous Water.

By smelling to it, it gives instantaneous Relief in all Sorts of Head-Aches, Sickness, Faintings, sudden Frights, Hysterick and Hypochondriacal Disorders, Lowness of Spirits, Convulsive and Epileptick Fits, Apoplexies, Vertigoes, and all the whole Train of nervous Disorders. Add to these most excellent Qualities, only by opening the Stopper now and then, it gives a most agreeable Flavour to a Room, or any publick Place; and by its penetrating and discutient Effluvia, is a certain Preventive from the Small-Pox, Measles, and every Kind of infectious Disorder. In short, considering the many sudden Disorders we are liable to, no one is really safe without it.

This celebrated Smelling-Bottle is prepared only by **DALMAHOY**, Chemist, to her Majesty, on Ludgate-Hill, London; and sold at 1s. 2s. 6d. 5s. and 10s. 6d. each; also at **Mr. Hendrie's**, Perfumer, Shug-Lane.

Artful and designing Persons are offering for Sale Bottles of an inferior Quality, who, in Order to colour over the Deception, have meanly made an Alteration in a Letter of **Dalmahoy's** Name, to the great Discredit of the genuine Bottles, as well as Imposition upon the Publick. The Publick are intreated to observe, that the Name engraved upon each Bottles as well as in the Label and Bill of Directions, which constantly accompany the genuine Sort, is spelt exactly agreeably to this Advertisement; by which Caution the Fraud will be discovered, and the Imposition exposed.

N. B. All Sorts of Drugs, Medicines and chemical Preparations, prepared and sold, Wholesale and Retail, in their utmost Perfection.

WANTED to PURCHASE, The **PERPETUAL ADVOWSON** of a **RECTORY**, or **PERPETUAL** or **DONATIVE CURACY**, of about the Value of **TWO HUNDRED POUNDS** per Annum, with immediate or most probable Prospect of a very speedy Avoidance. As the Advertiser is a Gentleman and professional Man, no Broker or Attorney need apply. The greatest Secrecy and Honour may be depended upon; and all Letters (Post-paid) addressed to **L. M.** at **No. 75, Borough High-Street**, will command the most immediate Attention.

For the EUROPEAN EVENING POST.
TOO TRUE A PROPHECY.

Written some time ago.

TO breechless blockheads round his board
Gulping down wine, yet never merry,
Nods ARCHY, proud sententious lord,
“ I mean to taste a *Kentish* cherry.”

The sycophantick chorus cries,
Your Lordship's right, you ne'er can rue it.
I shall say nothing, he replies ;
But damme Gentlemen I'll do it.

Give me a hawk of a good nest ;
My FANNY comes from ancient Roydon ;
And though in Christendom the best,
She's quite a simple pretty Heyden.

O Archy, Archy, doating fool,
To think an artful sleek deceiver,
Bred in the wanton JERSEY's school,
Timid and scrupulous could leave her.

Trust me, old cully, whilst she's kind,
(So let not pregnancy surprize you)
Assitant vigour she shall find
To do what *John Adair* denies you.

Keith Stewart first shall feel the shock,
For all his cunning, all his flummery,
And soon a second harder knock
Shall blast the hopes of *Hugh Montgomery*.

THROUGH.

